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Selected Poetry.

The Dark Side.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful frown—
There's nothing true but Heaven!
And false the light on Glory's plane,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!
Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From woe to woe we're driven,
And fever's fast, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Original Story.

THE WIFE'S TEMPTATION

BY KESIE EARNEST.

Alice Chester had been married five years. The world looked on and wondered, when Charles Chester, the proud man of the world, who had withstood the fascinations of so many city belles, until, at the age of thirty-five, married the simple country maiden over his city home. But the Mrs. Grandy were disappointed if they expected to find, what they termed, "rustic simplicity." Her natural love of the beautiful had been cultivated and trained in a proper direction. Her father's plain farm house had been visited by none but the refined and the excellent of her vicinity.

Charles Chester had met her at the residence of a country friend and been won by her modesty and good sense; and, after six months of devotion, such as she had read of in novels, he induced her to leave her wildwood bower for one of more artistic excellence in the city. She was passionately fond of books, music and flowers; and many rare volumes of poetry, which she had longed for without having the means of obtaining them, were furnished by her lover; and bright pictures were drawn of the beautiful home he had for her. With her poet's love of the beautiful, and the elegances of refined society which was to be gratified by a union with the really fine looking and seemingly appreciative man before her, how could she reject him? He was the hero of her romantic fancy, and she loved him with all the ardor and purity of her nature.

She was happy in her new home—happier far than she had thought it possible for her to be. True, she was disappointed in the society around her. All who visited her were men and women of fashion—gay, giddy, and altogether unbecomingly—their only topics of conversation were the amusements and trifling on dits of the season. Still she had her books and music and her husband's society every evening. She was a stranger in the city, and made few calls, for the reason that she never went with her, and she did not like to depend on strangers for these acts of politeness which she had a right to expect from her husband; consequently, she was called unsocial. She wondered why he who was apparently fond of her music and conversation, should not prefer to have intellectual friends to visit him. He never offered to take her to a lecture, or any literary or musical treat in town, and when she ventured to say she would like to hear a popular lecturer who was stopping in their city, he spoke rather shortly, she thought, and said that was the way with women—they were never satisfied with what they had. She did not insist, but the first tears of disappointment were shed during that still hour of the night. Her housekeeping was never neglected. She had good servants, but her mother had taught her that a lady should rule her own home, and see that things were kept in order, and her husband could find no fault with her in that particular. A very few months served to show her that she was mistaken in her estimate of her husband's character. Naturally tyrannical, he soon began to show symptoms of a desire to be

master of her actions and desires. He, wearied of feigning a devotion he did not feel, and thought she had no right to complain when her wants were supplied. Her devotion did not abate. She took an interest in his business to please him, and did every thing in her power to make home pleasant and cheerful. He told her women knew nothing of business, and he did not like to be questioned. If she read the political papers and tried to interest him thus, he did not like to see women meddling with politics; thus rudely severing every link which bound them together.

Before her marriage, she had been engaged in writing for a literary journal; now in her isolation, she resorted to that prolific field for enjoyment. Her contributions became more frequent, and of such a character as to attract the attention of the press. She received a letter from her publisher requesting her to write exclusively and constantly for his journal for a stipulated amount. She showed the letter to her husband, who angrily forbade her making any such engagement. "I have submitted to this thing, because I thought you wanted some amusement, but the moment you begin to receive remuneration for your writing, you must support yourself independent of me." Her eyes were often heavy with the weight of unshed tears, but she forced them back, and tried to be cheerful and to seem contented with her lot. In her few visits to her parents, she let no word escape her to lead them to believe she was unhappy. I believe that tyranny grows upon what it feeds on, and that tyrants are ever cowardly.

Twelve months after her marriage, and the very morning after Alice's reception of that letter from her publisher, several gentlemen were sitting in Mr. Chester's counting room, when Arthur Morton, a young friend of Mr. Chester's, took from his pocket a magazine and said: "I would give much to know the author of this article by Alice. I have read her sketches and essays for the past two years, and never saw any thing better from the pen of a woman. Have you read any of them, Charlie? This last one is excellent." Mr. Chester spoke very shortly, "I never read any thing written by a woman." A man present, who had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Chester's, spoke up: "Why, Morton, they tell me Mrs. Chester is the author of those sketches. Her name is Alice. No one would ever suppose that she was a writer. She is so quiet and retiring in her manners. I have always thought literary women were either fast or blue—but Charlie's little lady-bird has changed my opinion." Mr. Morton was deservedly noted for his literary talents, and was no mean critic. Mr. Chester knew that well enough, but he had that mean, selfish disposition, which does not like for any one to admire what is underrated by itself, and he was almost ready to crush his former friend, when he laid his hand on his arm, and said: "Why, Charlie, you certainly have not kept the fact that your wife was a lady of such talents from your friend who is always ready to fall down and worship genius? You ought to be proud of her, man. Strange that you have never asked me to call on you since your marriage. I have never seen your wife, Renly, Charlie, if she were mine, I should consider myself rich in the possession of such a treasure. Shall I ask myself to call on you this evening?" It was with difficulty that Mr. Chester could preserve his usual politeness, but he did so, and replied, "Certainly, Arthur, come by the store and I will go with you up to my residence." When he went to dinner that day, he ordered his wife to discontinue her contributions to the press. "My dear husband," she pleaded, "I do not neglect any duty for my writing. It is such a comfort to me during your absence at the store, and I have so much time unemployed otherwise." "I will not leave my wife known as a literary woman. Had you heard this conversation in my store to-day, relative to that very article you were working on last week, you would not feel so much like writing such nonsense. Arthur Morton criticised it severely, and George Carter said in my presence that all literary women were fast, and he knew, all the time, that you wrote it, for I heard him telling Morton so." Her face flushed as she arose from the table and laid her hand on his shoulder. Her voice was hoarse with emotion, as she said, "Charlie, you need to praise my talents. You have told me that you were first attracted to me by my modesty, then held bound

by that and my good sense. Those were your words, my husband. Then why did you not contradict that I am a literary woman? I am not fast, and I am a literary woman. Discontinuing my contributions to the press will not change my nature, neither will it prevent my name being known as a writer, if it is already talked about. It was very rude in George Carter to say that, even if it had been true, when he knew your wife was a literary woman. He must not come here any more. I do not wish to associate with men so wanting in common politeness. I had thought better of Mr. Carter than of Mr. Morton. As regards Mr. Morton's criticisms, I expect to be criticised, and I do not think my style free from faults." He arose from the table, pushed her from him and said: "It is useless to argue the question further. I will not have my wife known as a literary character. As regards George Carter's visits to my house, he will take tea with us tonight, in company with Arthur Morton, and you must not only receive them, but treat Carter as you have always done." "I can't do it, Mr. Chester. I have some pride. You are too proud to have your wife known as a literary woman. I am proud enough to resent an insult when my husband falls in his duty." There was a stern determination in her eye and compressed lips that he had never seen there before. He was awed for a moment, but the brute soon overpowered the man, and he said coarsely: "You can be as tragic as you please, madam, but if George Carter is treated with any rudeness to-night, you will be turned out into the street before morning. I shall be master of my own house." He called the cook and gave orders that supper should be ready by eight o'clock, and everything should be nice. Alice hurried off to her chamber—too angry to weep or to think what she should do. It was the first time she had dared to speak for herself. The more she had yielded, the more tyrannical he had become. George Carter had been the most pleasant of the gentlemen visitors at her house, and she had liked his company very well. Now, what should she do? Must she submit to insult from others as well as tyranny from her husband? She turned her head. There lay her portfolio with the fruits of many pleasant hours, that she must resign, and for what? Just to please him. Had not her pleasures been curtailed until she had scarcely anything left? Should she yield? Was it her duty?—There was her Bible—her mother's gift. She opened it instinctively, and read: "Wives, obey your husbands, as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." She laid it down and fell on her knees. After an hour of self-communion and prayer for guidance, she went about her duties. Her writing materials were stowed away and locked up. After going to the parlor and dining room, and seeing that every thing was in order, she returned to dress for tea. The old rebellion tried to master her. "I will not see him. Let him turn me out. I can make my own living. My parents' arms are open to receive me. They never wounded me thus." Then her duty. Was it not plainly written in her Bible? She brushed out her beautiful Auburn hair, and put it back in shining, waving bands, with a single cape jessamine on one side of her finely formed head. She took out her dresses and selected one which her husband had particularly admired—a delicate blue organza muslin, and having arranged herself with exquisite taste, she surveyed herself in the large mirror, and found nothing to complain of in her *tout ensemble*. There was a mist in her large hazel eyes, and a flush on her cheek, which but enhanced her beauty, as her visitors were ushered into her presence. There was a lifting of the brow from her husband's brow, and faint smile, which did not escape her notice, as she responded to Mr. Carter's cordial salutation, with a rather stately, though polite, "Good evening, Mr. Carter." Mr. Morton was perfectly fascinated by the vision of beauty and modest intelligence, and soon became a fixture by Alice's side. Mr. Carter's advances were met with a polite reserve, which was puzzling to him, since he had become a familiar guest. The half hour preceding supper was spent in general conversation, Alice surprised herself. At supper she presided with grace and dignity. At the conclusion of the meal, Mr. Morton offered his arm to conduct her to the parlor, as he said, "I dare say, Mr. Chester told you of our conversation at his store this

morning?" "Yes, sir, he did," she flushed at the remembrance of the dinner hour, and her hand trembled visibly on his arm. He was silent a moment, then as he seated himself on the sofa by her, he continued, "I did not know that you ever wrote for the press until this morning. I have seen your articles for the past two years, and admired them more than I can tell you, but did not know that their author was the wife of my old friend, Charlie Chester, until George Carter told me so this morning. Do you know, Mrs. Chester, that you have disabused George's mind of a very erroneous opinion he once entertained of the literati?" She turned her large eyes full upon his face, and said eagerly, "I disabused his mind? Did he not say, this very morning, that all literary women were fast?" "O, Mr. Morton, you can never know what an effort it has cost me to meet him politely. I did not care for your poor opinion of my writings, as I did for any one's bad opinion of my reputation as a lady. You had a right to criticize my writings, they are public property, but he had no right to say it, and Mr. Chester should not have —" she stopped short. "Pardon me, my indignation has led me to far." "Mrs. Chester, my dear madam, you were certainly misinformed, through what motive I cannot divine. I will tell you what was said by both of us," and he related the conversation of the morning. She listened eagerly, then clasping her hands, she said "thank God, I am undeceived. I do not like to think largely of any one. I must not let Mr. Carter think I am angry with him without a cause." She did not tell him anything to cause him to think less of her husband, Mr. Chester and his friend came in from the porch where they had been enjoying their cigars, and when Mr. Carter came forward and asked for music, she arose quickly, and smilingly sang herself at the piano. She sang song after song, until her listeners felt as though they were floating off on the waves of her sweet singing. Even her husband was smilingly kind and affectionate in his manner toward her. She was conscious of looking remarkably well, and now her spirits rose above the troubles of the afternoon, and she knew that she was doing well, appearing to the best advantage. The night passed off happily. The morning brought a black cloud. Jealousy, the green-eyed monster, was lurking beneath that pleasant exterior of the night before. When Alice bade her lord a pleasant "good morning," he frowned on her as he said, "So your opposition to my asking Mr. Carter to my house was all feigned, was it? You looked a little stately at first, it is true, but your very great amiability toward the close of the evening was plain enough to my mind that the first was only acting to deceive me." She drew back from the hand he had laid on her shoulder.

"Mr. Chester, you know that you do me injustice. Why did you ask Mr. Carter to your house, and command me to receive him cordially or be thrust into the street? Those were your words. I did not fear being thrust into the street, for I know I can support myself by my literary labors, but my Bible tells me to obey my husband, and I have tried to do so at what a sacrifice of feeling you can never know. I have never knowingly disobeyed you in anything. The story you told me of Mr. Carter's opinion of me was manufactured for the occasion. Believe me, sir, I should have remained coldly polite to him had not Mr. Morton repeated the conversation in your store more truthfully, I believe, than you did, thereby exonerating Mr. Carter. Thrust me into the street if you will, I have borne enough. I will not bear jealousy added to my other wrongs," and she left the room. She did not see him again that day. When he came home the next evening, his eyes were red, and every lineament of his face showed dissipation. She had been suspecting him of drinking and gambling, but until then he had never been so very drunk in her presence. He seemed to have forgotten the abuse of the day before, and she ministered to him as she best could, shedding scalding drops of tears in secret. When he got sober she remonstrated with him, begged him for the sake of his good name to desist. He seemed penitent and promised reformation—told her he had been drinking a long time, that was what made him so cross, but she was the angel to reform him.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A FASHIONABLE young lady of Brooklyn acknowledges the corn—fourteen of 'em on one foot.

"Cramming" in Our Public Schools

Quite a formidable movement is in progress among the divines, physicians, lawyers, merchants and other influential classes in Boston to abolish the system now in vogue in the public Latin school in that city of "cramming" the scholars. It seems that they are so heavily stuffed with all sorts of learning, and that their hours for study are so continuous, both in school and at home, that they have no time for recreation, either for body or brain. Cases of insanity are alleged to have arisen from this exhausting system of instruction, while, according to the testimony of experienced physicians who had sons in the institution, the youths grew up dwarfed in body, weakened in intellect, and suffering under a variety of diseases, drop into a premature grave. This is a movement in the right direction, and the example might be followed with benefit in our own public schools. In the words of a learned Scotch gentleman, whose language is quoted by one of the Boston physicians on the present occasion, "It is well enough to teach the young idea how to shoot, but dimna use too big a gun." There is no subject in the world that tends to elevate society and establish a high standard for morality and civilization in a greater degree than a proper system of education; and whoever engages in the work of perfecting it can have no loftier ambition.

[N. Y. Herald.]

TERRIBLE times in Warrenton, (Va.) are thus depicted by the editor of the Sentinel, whom we suspect of some exaggeration, if not absolute Münchhausenism:—

A few weeks ago a dentist came to town, advertised that he would "remove all of a person's teeth for two dollars, and insert a new set for ten dollars, besides giving six months credit." The Warrenton people are very fond of bargains, so there was a rush for the dentist's office. He was busy for two weeks pulling teeth, and at the end of that time, half the people had empty gums, and a bone dust factory in the neighborhood doubled its number of workmen, so as to grind up the teeth. Meantime while the people were waiting for a dentist to fit them with new sets, the abandoned scoundrel eloped with the hotel keeper's wife; and now there are two or three thousand persons in the town who cannot eat anything tougher than soup and farina. All the butchers have failed, and not a cracker has been sold for three weeks. One man, it is said, whittled out a set of wooden teeth for himself; but the first drink of whisky he took, Warrenton whisky—set them in a blaze, and his funeral came off the next day. The dentist will hear of something greatly to his disadvantage, if he comes back.

GENERAL MAGRUDER—The Mobile Register thus touchingly mentions the death of this eminent Confederate: The telegraph has already informed us of the death of General John B. Magruder, at Galveston, Texas. He was a dash and gallant artillery officer during the Mexican war, a brilliant man of fashion, and a general officer in the late war, who did some valuable service to the South. Socially he was exceedingly urbane and courteous, and with all of his convivial faults, had a nice sense of honor, a brave spirit, and the manners of the soldier of the old school. Peace to the ashes of "Prince John," who never turned his face from a foe, or his back on a friend.

INVEST YOUR MONEY.—In what? railroad bonds? stock? bank? No. What then? Invest it in permanent improvements upon your farm. In better buildings and fences; in better stock, better tools, more household conveniences, more manures. Invest it in those comforts necessary to make your rural home what they should be—the happiest spots on earth. Invest it in books and in papers, in education, in religion. Yes, invest largely in the last article. It is the sheet anchor of our hope and safety in another world.

PECULIAR SUICIDE.—Among the curiosities of self-murder, the most recent is that of Christopher Stanb, a German resident of Louisville, who loaded a pistol with powder, then filled the chamber with water, placed the muzzle in his mouth and fired the weapon. His whole head, above the mouth, was blown to pieces.

A MINISTER once prayed: "O, Lord, we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that Thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

Grape Growing in the South—A Frenchman's View.

I receive many inquiries in regard to grape culture in South Carolina, and I will answer briefly, Mr. Editor, through your excellent magazine. I have been a resident of Aiken since 1861, except about four years spent in Georgia and Alabama, engaged in the cultivation of the grape. Grape culture can be made profitable when conducted with more knowledge and skill. As grapes have heretofore been grown, they cannot be made profitable. First, too much land has been planted; second, the right kinds of grapes have not been planted. Third they have been planted on the poorest land. Fourth, they have received neither pruning, cultivation nor manure. What could one expect?

The kind of grapes for general cultivation are: Delaware, Diana, Concord, Clinton and Catawba. — Pauline or Burgundy, Warren and Black July are generally good for nothing here, though some years they bear beautifully.

On the Derby Farm, after having sent to New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore 10,000 lbs. of grapes (Catawba) and 7,000 lbs. to Charleston, Savannah and Atlanta; and after losing in Augusta 10,000 lbs. of Catawba by the rot, I have made 1,400 gallons of pure wine from Catawba, Black July, Burgundy, Isabella and scuppernon grapes; all from 2,000 vines, and the vineyard had never been well cultivated, though much better than most others here.—*Rural Carolinian.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer is reported to have threshed, with a flail, two bushels of wheat for seed. Three two bushels were sown in the same field, and with the same conditions as seven bushels of machine threshed seed. They were found to yield one third more per bushel than the machine threshed. There is a very general opinion that machine threshed wheat is somewhat injured for seed. If such injury is anything like the extent indicated by this experiment, it becomes a matter of much importance.

The Marion, S. C. Star reports that Richard Green, one of the petit jurors for the Court now in session in Marion, was sentenced to fifteen days imprisonment in the county jail, by the Judge, for getting drunk on the first day of the term. The Judge also ordered the clerk n't to issue said Green any certificate. Jurors who are in the habit of indulging too freely, had as well take warning.

PLANT CORN.—In view of the almost certain scarcity of corn next season, says the Memphis Practical Planter, we advise our friends to devote a few acres of land to some good early variety of corn, sufficient to make bread until the regular crop comes in. We advise the planting Adam's Early. It will be hard enough to grind a month or six weeks sooner than the main crop.

A NEW machine for taking off the hides of dead cattle will shortly be tried at Buena Vista. The operation is short, sharp and decisive, requiring only a minute for each hide. Cold air is forced by a pump between the flesh and the hide, and the thing is done. The process ought to be an improvement on the old hacking and scraping system.

SIDNEY SMITH once told a friend that between ten and seventy years of age, he had eaten and drunk forty-four one-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health, and that the value of this overfeeding was something like £7,000.

IDLENESS.—The greatest moral pest in the world, is idlers. They do nothing, and they desire no one else to do anything. If ever the day comes in this world when there will be no idlers, neither in church nor State, this world would look more like heaven than it now resembles paradise.

BEFORE a contemplated attack, when a regiment was floundering through the mud in a very wild part of the country, a company became scattered, and the officer called out to the men to form two deep. "Why, hang it," shouted out a soldier, up to his knees in soft clay, "I'm to deep already."

Down East, they call finger posts "ministers," because they point the way to other people, but don't go themselves.

Sweet Potatoes in New York.

The Daily Bulletin says: It is estimated that over three hundred thousand barrels of sweet potatoes were disposed of in our city during last season, at an average price of three dollars and a half per barrel. The shipping season begins in the latter part of August; at that date those received are from the Carolinas, later, about the tenth of September the crop from Delaware begins to arrive, and still later those from New Jersey are placed in our market. The first arrivals command from ten to fifteen dollars per barrel, and the price decreases as the market becomes more fully supplied. The season is over by the end of October, and after that period higher prices begin to rule. The sweet potato is known by a number of names in the South, corresponding to the different varieties; for instance those used in that portion of the country are invariably baked or roasted, and are known as the pumpkin yam, red yam, white yam, and numerous other titles; the potato shipped North, seldom used as an article of food in the South, is raised solely for that purpose, the yams as they are termed being unfit for boiling, which is the usual mode of cooking in the Northern States. This branch of business has increased largely of late years in New York, and there are several firms in the neighborhood of Washington market, who make this line a speciality.

DISINTERESTED LABOR—How few there are outside of the household that work for others to gratify an intrinsic desire to do good! Do then, whatever, there is to be done, without questioning and without calculation. Take your own skill and your own experience, and make the most of them. Do you say to yourself, "If I had money, I know what I would do with it?" No, you do not; God does, and so he does not trust you with it.— "If I had something different from what I have, I would work," says a man. No—if you would work in other circumstances, you would work just where you are. A man that will not work just where he is, with just what he has, and for the love of God and for the love of man, will not work anywhere, in such a way as to make his work valuable. It will be adulterated work.—*W. W. Beecher.*

REV. DR. W. H. LORD, of Maine, must be a faithful clergyman. He has refused an offer of a salary of \$6,000 a year from a church in Hartford, though his present income is only \$2,000.— He has been settled twenty-four years in one place, and is unwilling to sever old friendships and associations.

A FRENCH paper publishes the following cheerful paragraph:—"It is not generally known that the assassination of Prim is but the first execution of a sentence pronounced by the secret Provisional Government of Spain, who have condemned to death the 191 deputies who voted for the Duke of Aosta."

REMEDY FOR HOLLOW HORS.—A writer in an exchange has never known this to fail: Two tablespoonfull of vinegar, one teaspoonfull each of pepper and salt; mix and pour in the ear.— If a cure is not effected in a few days, repeat the dose.

A MAN, stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: "I think folks ought to spend their money for payper, mi dadda diddend and every body sed he was the intelligentest man in the country and had the smartest family of boiz that ever dugged taters."

"I BELIEVE that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband one day.— "How so?" replied her husband. "Because Abel was killed with a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

THE Cleveland Plaindealer thinks that Bowen, the marrying carpet-bag Congressman from South Carolina, ought to do something handsome for that juror who stood out all night in favor of acquittal, against the other eleven, and suggests that he transfer to him one of his wives.

A COUNTRY girl coming from the field was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. "No, indeed," was the simple reply, "that wasn't his name."

TEXAS farmers report that they will this year plant more corn than ever before, and contract the cotton crop in a proportionate degree. "The large immigration has had the effect to raise the price of corn and meat."

The Sumter News says a gang of cowardly blackguards disgrace that town.